

Memoirs of Kathleen Welby

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Memoirs of Kathleen Welby

> <meta name="Author"> Memoirs of Kathleen Welby Here I go again...
I already have a plot outline for my next installment in my pseudo
serial but I need to do some research in order to make the time line
background fit (research- yuk :(-) So it's going to be a while
before its published (if anyone out there is curious). Meanwhile I
had this little ditty creep up into my subconscious. Again, my
knowledge of history sucks and if anyone out there would like to
"beta read" my stories before I submit them to public scrutiny I'd be
so grateful that I'll email you a batch of cookies
(hahahahahahahaha!) Please feel free to plagiarize this story if
you have some ideas on how to make it richer in artistic expression
and / or in historical characterization. I don't care, especially
since I didn't make up the main characters. Unlike cooking, the more
hands on a story can add zest. Now on with the tale....

> <p>Memoirs of Kathleen Welby

> <p>

"What are you two so uptight about?" Methos asked with a slight smirk
on his face. "I could feel the tension oozing through your buzz
MacLeod."

>"One of my students recommended this new play to me to check out.
She said the story was so captivating she was advertising it for free
across the campus."
"So why has a little play got you and Joe
worried?"

>"Read the plot summary." he said with a grimace.

"Oh"

>"It's definitely about an immortal. But none of the files reference
a Marcus Jacobson in that time period. There also isn't a family
picture included on the program. I'm going to go see it to see if I
can id the immortal from the story." Joe added after Methos' quiet
remark broke the tense silence.
" I want to know who it is too...
"

>"Alright , we'll pick you up at seven"

<p>

A small fair skinned woman walked across the dim stage to stand before the audience. Since this was a college production, the audience size wasn't intimating enough to cause the author to shake with fear and the informal atmosphere aided in quenching any residual quakes.

>"I found this heirloom among my grandmother's possessions while my aunt and I were cleaning out her house shortly after the funeral. I wished I had found it before so I could have somewhat of a first hand account of her impressions on this tale. There weren't any associated portraits so I had to use my imagination. Further, please forgive any anachronisms that peak through the story. I suspect the time line is in the late 1700s, but since the journal was unusually undated I can't verify the time.
Okay, I would like to thank Prof. Hardcroff for suggesting, ahem, goading me into putting this tale on the stage. Since the story comes from one person's journal entries, it may seem a little tiresome listening to a dry reading. We've added some background action figures to break up the pace. But believe me, its worth listening to. I've also reworked the language and got rid of the old english dialect. I though it would make it easier to understand. That's all the intro. Enjoy"

A young girl sitting underneath a tree looks across the meadow (makeshift meadow) at her lounging parents. She is appears to be fourteen years old (really she was 20- this is a college production). Her older brother stood by the lake glowering. "Michael and Frederick finally asked me to go riding with them and you force me to join in this 'family outing' How dull" The young man was terribly upset over the day's activity but his parents were doing a splendid job of ignoring his unsubtle complaints.Until then... "Kyle, you spend all your free time outside of studying with those two boys. And they are nothing but mischievous imps" his father stated, evidently tired of his son's bad attitude. "You will cease upsetting your mother and at least PRETEND to enjoy spending time with you family"

>Kathleen wondered what had happen to her older brother. He had always been bossy and had a bit of a mean streak but his ugliness towards father seemed to grow greater by the day. <p>

dear journal,

>Kyle's at it again. Why does he insist on aggravating father. I know he adamantly opposes father's stance regarding the separatist movement. But does he have to be so infuriating? Ever since the debate has begun Kyle has been impossible. It got worst when Mr. Taylor asked him to find another apprenticeship. Kyle stormed into the house, furious. "you just had to do it, didn't you.. You just had to open your mouth at the council meeting 'We should not be to hasty to sever our ties with the mother country. Remember there are many other powers out there that would quickly gobble us up if we exit from the crown's protection.' Crown's protection? don't you mean from the crown's tyranny! My father, the coward, the tory. Do you know how ashamed I am to be your son!"
I will never forget papa's face when Kyle opened his ugly mouth to spout those words. He tried explaining to him that in the history of the world there had never

been a surviving republic as small as the colonies. He felt that they should wait until they could build up strength or until they had gained external help. Papa always spoke of history with such conviction and sadness. You would have had to been blind to not see the passion and absolute surety in his voice and in his eyes as he spoke. Unfortunately Kyle was blind as a bat. I think, personally, that the colonies can do it. I know papa would think me to be another idealist. He seems to have little faith in the power of people to cause change. He seems to think the only way to defeat a mighty power is to wait until it defeats its own self. I often wonder what has caused my papa to think so pessimistically about mankind. He's not that old; in fact if it weren't for his beard I would swear that he was younger than mother. But I trust my papa. He will direct us well. Kyle... Kyle is pulling away. In another year he'll be old enough to leave home. I'll miss my stubborn brother.

>That's why papa insisted that we come to the lake today. We have always spent a least a week here, camping out by the lake. Last year Kyle refused to come. His friends wanted to travel down to visit some of the southern colonies. I knew that they were really going to one of the patriots rallies. If papa knew, he would have staunchly refused to let him go. But back then he didn't know how strongly Kyle felt. Since he does now he's trying to hold on to some of our 'family-ness' while its still there. Papa looks so sad as he strokes mother's hair. She looks out at the lake. > Well, I guess this outing is over.

> [close curtain] <p>

A man and his daughter sit quietly at the dinner table. Heads are slightly bowed to avoid conversation. A ruckus noise can be heard in the background outside the house. The mother walks up to the table carrying a small basket of bread with which she serves the father. She herself sits down and assumes the same posture as the others.

Dear journal,

>It's finally happened. The Massachusetts colony has broken out in full scale war and the other colonies are quickly following. Our pastor all but said it was the divine will of God that the colonies separate themselves from the 'licentious, indecent grip of the paegan crown' Scathing words from a 'man of peace' Father is not to happy about the outcome. He goes about muttering to himself in some strange gibberish when he doesn't think any one is listening. The first day news of the struggle began Kyle packed his belongs and flatly state he could no longer live under the same roof as a treacherous troy. I somewhat miss him, he is my brother. I so hope he doesn't do something foolish and get himself killed. No, I won't think like that. The only thing Kyle could do is injure himself cleaning out a musket. Papa's nervousness fills the house. People refuse to buy goods from us calling papa a tory sympathizer. If fact, I even heard Miles, MY Miles, whisper to Adam that he's glad I didn't inherit my papa's yellow streak. Papa's no coward. I've seen him in action against many a challenge. He just doesn't think the revolution will succeed. I remember when Kyle so proudly read the declaration of independence to papa and mother, so many days ago. Papa only sighed and said he had never seen a nation built on a few word written on a thin sheet of paper. Papa said 'Only the strong succeed, my son. The weak and the small are gobbled up and swallowed like licorice' He had that far away look in his eyes when he said that too. I would have though his concernation would have caused his hair to gray. But he still has that dark brown sheen. Mother, on the other hand is aging

quickly. She fears for both us and Kyle, wherever he may be. Next to papa she looks three times his senior. I wonder how serious papa is about us moving to England. I've never left the town square, let alone travel across the sea. Mother doesn't like the idea. She says there's nothing left back there but sad memories.
 [close curtain]

The man comes running across the stage, screaming. "Martha, open the door! open the door quickly!"

>"Papa, your bleeding" The young woman is frightened. Her papa is covered in blood and egg residue. She suspects the neighbors have decided to act against him for his continued cautious stance.

"Papa!!!!" she shrieks. "You've been shot"

>"Just an over zealous patriot, my dear. Nothing to worry about. Just help me over to that chair. Where's your mother?"
"She went down to the Philips. Mrs. Philips said there was a letter from Kyle sent by messenger with one from their son. The bearer refused to deliver it here because...." the girl's eyes cast downward.

>"I'm glad. I wouldn't want her to see me like this. Please go and get me some water so I can clean up before she returns." <p>

dear journal,

Miles asked me if I would take his hand in marriage today. I was soooo happy. I'm old enough now and I think we have waited long enough. I don't know if papa will approve. He doesn't think too highly of Miles. Yes he's a good man and will care for me. But papa thinks he's too head strong. He regularly says 'Miles is going to go off and join the fighting. I don't want my daughter to be a widow with no one to help her care for her children.' Mother always looks down when he says things like that and papa always stops talking when she does. One day I'm going to ask mother why. After I'm a wife and mother like she is. Then she'll talk to me as an equal, almost.

>I'm going to marry Miles. He is going to fight but he says knowing he has a wife to come home too will keep him alive. The pastor agreed to marry us despite papa's objections. He said that a man who would not defend his liberties has no right to dominate over the liberty of another. I wondered how that assessment agrees with 'children, obey your parents in the Lord. For this is right' I'm not going to argue though. Mrs. Miles Welby. Shelly and Virginia are so jealous. We'll have a big ceremony later. After the colonies are free and we are our very own nation.> <p>

[close curtain]

The man is pacing the room rapidly, twisting his hands. The older woman, whose hair is completely silver, sits quietly in a rocking chair moving slowly back and forth. The young woman can be heard singing in the background. Outside people are shouting and singing triumphant songs and several people are shooting muskets in the air.

dear journal,

I can barely believe it's over. It's over and WE WON. Of course papa says aide from the French is what brought the victory, but I don't believe it. I got a letter from Kyle yesterday delivered to Miles and my home. He said he was happy to hear about our nuptials and even happier to hear that I was out of 'that old tory's house'. I hope one day papa and Kyle will reconcile. Miles is back. Every day he goes

out and labours on our small farm. He came in tired today muttering, 'how can I defeat those english pigeons so easily in battle but can't plow a straight line through that gravel out there?' "you just need the right motivation my love,' I kiss him fully on the mouth. I never imaged marriage was like this. Shelly and Virginia should be jealous. I hope the Lord blesses them with a husband at least half a wonderful as mine. Miles' left arm is slightly weaker than the right due to a shot taken in battle. But I don't think there is any one stronger than he, except maybe papa.

>The whole town despises papa. They haven't run him out like the other tories because of mother and me. Even Kyle suggested in his letter that mother and papa return to England, 'for their own safety'. Mother will never leave. She seems so old nowadays. I've never known my parents' age but mother seems to have lost every shred of youth she ever had. Papa, he's the exact opposite. the only thing that ever changes on him is the length of his beard. I wonder why his hair doesn't ever grey. I caught him one time trying to dye it grey. I had come over one day to check up on mother. She had aleady gone down to the Philips. Papa though the house was empty. I saw him dip the tip of his beard in a bowl of mother's lye. It caused the whole tip of his beard to turn yellowish white. He was looking at himself in the mirror smiling when he saw my reflection. He almost dropped the looking glass. 'I'm sorry to have startled you papa' I said. He just bowed his head and waved me away. I know the other neighbors talk about papa's never ending youthful appearance. The menfolk say that his cowardly nature keeps his body in a child like state. I'm a bit worried. The pastor always looks over a papa like he's some kind on aberration . Anyway, his appearance is the least of his worries. Miles promised me that he would talk to the townsmen and ask them to lay off papa. I hope it works>
 [curtain closes]

The man and the young woman are walking along the same lake as in scene one. There is another man there, sitting by the lake drinking something from an mug. The other man turns and yells at Kathleen's papa. "My brother is dead, my brother is dead. All because of your nasty brit friends" The man with the mug gets up amd walks towards the man and his daughter. Kathleen's papa steps in front of her to offer protection. "There was nothing the doctors could do. They just kept amputating his body bit by bit until today he died. My brother suffered so much pain and you should too!!!!" With that the drunken man shot Kathleen's papa with his musket. The young woman screams as she slips down to the ground holding the stunned body of her papa. "No, no, no..." she sobs. "That'll teach ya, tory" the another man spits on the ground next to the man.

journal,

Oh my, oh my, oh my.... I don't know what to think. I don't know what to do. Papa died today. I SAW papa die. I FELT papa die. The shot ran through his body completely. There was blood everywhere, papa's blood. He looked in my eyes right before he stopped breathing and said to me 'trust me?' At first I didn't understand him. I though 'trust him? what about 'I love you' or 'avenge me' or any thing else. Fifteen minutes later I found out why he said trust me.

I don't know what my papa is. He started breathing again just as soon as he stopped. With my tears I wiped away some of the blood from his wound only to see that it was gone. Was my papa an demon? Was I the child of demonic spawn. Maybe that's why he opposed our independence. He said 'trust me' Trust him? only an evil one can quickly recover

like that without the direct intervention of God. And there aren't any prophets and prophesies around to explain papa's condition. I just backed away from him and started to run. Run very fast. I heard him say 'please take care of you mother, and tell her and Kyle that I love you all' I almost didn't hear the last words because I was running so fast. My papa, a demon?

Well, he's not really my papa. Mother says that my real papa died of an illness shortly before I was born. Papa took mother in and married her so she wouldn't be helpless. She said she often wondered why papa's body never seemed to age, unlike her frail own. I asked her if she knew where papa would run off too but she didn't. She suspected he might even go back to England.

I don't know what to think. I loved my papa, no, I LOVE my papa. I wanted to say good bye to him, but now he's gone. Will I ever see him again? Will he ever know how sorry I am for not trusting him that day? For running away. Papa, where are you now?>

> [curtain closes] <p>

An old woman walks slowly toward the lake supported by a young man. "Granny, its a bit hot outside for you. Shouldn't you sit down underneath a tree for a while" "No dear, the lake is too beautiful not to gaze upon it. I can't see its crystal blue color from over there by the tree.

Journal entry,

Grandma wanted me to read her journal after her passing. I am too shocked to tell any one else what it says. I'm recording my thoughts in here because I though it was appropriate. I wonder how sane my grandma was. No, there wasn't a more logical and clear minded woman out there. But this.... well I don't know. I will pass this tale to my children. I don't think I'll publish it too loudly though, not every one would believe it. But I do.

> [curtain closes]

"I hoped you enjoyed this little snip bit from my ancestor's journal. I for one don't know if her tale is true. But if it is and her papa is out there, some where, I hope he knows there's a daughter who loves and misses him. thank you for your patronage"

"Well, well... at least it hasn't invoked a national search for undying people. " MacLeod murmured. "Where you able to id the immortal Joe?"

>"No, I still don't recall any immortal fitting that description. But I'm going to request a copy of the original journal to do some research on my own. What did you think Methos...Methos?"
The Rog was sitting quietly still in his seat. He had been unusually quiet throughout the whole production. Most of the time he liked to interrupt plays with a running commentary on ancient greek theatre. This evening, he was strangely quiet.

>"Uh Methos, you weren't in the American colonies during the time of the revolution were you?" Macleod's left eyebrow arched upward.

"Methos, Methos? were you?"
The Rog silently leaned his head back

into his seat a whispered, " I've been in a lot of places and have done a lot of things." His lips pursed together in a 'and I'm not going to tell you any more' statement.

>Macleod looked over Methos' head to Joe who was looking down at the odd man.
"No way.....?"

End
file.